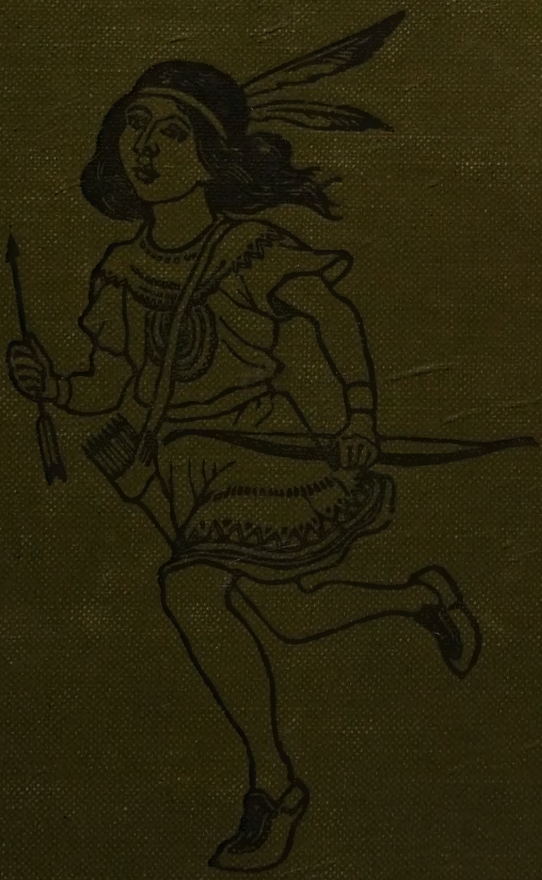
THE HIAWATHA PRIMER



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
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"Swift of foot was Hiawatha"

THE HIAWATHA PRIMER

BY

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Chicago

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TO

THE MANY CHILDREN

WHO HAVE YET TO UNLOCK

THE STOREHOUSE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LITERATURE

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

IN THE HOPE THAT IT MAY SERVE THEM

AS ONE OF MANY KEYS

CONSECUTIVE LINES FROM THE SONG OF HIAWATHA PART III, HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD, WHICH FORM THE BASIS OF THIS PRIMER

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Hiawatha

Hiawatha was an Indian boy.

Nokomis was his grandmother.

Hiawatha was an Indian boy.

Nokomis was his grandmother.

Nokomis

Hiawatha lived with Nokomis.

Nokomis lived in a wigwam.

Hiawatha was an Indian boy.

Nokomis was his grandmother.

Hiawatha lived with Nokomis.

Hiawatha lived in a wigwam.

The wigwam stood by the water.

It stood by the Big-Sea-Water.

Nokomis lived in a wigwam

The wigwam stood by the water

Hiawatha and Nokomis

Hiawatha lived with Nokomis.

Nokomis lived in a wigwam.

The wigwam stood by the water.

It stood by the Big-Sea-Water.

Hiawatha was an Indian boy.

Nokomis was his grandmother.

The Big-Sea-Water

The wigwam stood by the shore of Gitche Gumee.

Before it beat the bright water.

The water was Gitche Gumee, the Big-Sea-Water.

The water beat upon the shore.

Hiawatha lived in a wigwam.
It was the wigwam of Nokomis.
The wigwam stood by the shore.
Before it was the Big-Sea-Water.
Bright before it beat the water.
The water beat upon the shore.
The Big-Sea-Water was bright.

The wigwam of Nokomis

The wigwam of Nokomis stood by
the shore of Gitche Gumee.
It stood by the Big-Sea-Water.
Dark behind it rose the forest.
Bright before it beat the water.
The water was bright and sunny.
The water was clear and shining.

By the water stood the wigwam.
It stood by the bright water.
The forest rose behind it.
In the wigwam lived Hiawatha.
Hiawatha was a little boy.

Hiawatha was a little Indian.
His grandmother was an Indian.
Hiawatha and his grandmother
lived in a wigwam.
It stood by the shining water.
The water was clear and sunny.

Pine-trees and firs

A forest rose behind the wigwam.

The forest was dark and gloomy.

Pine-trees were in the forest.

It was black with pine-trees.

Dark firs were in the forest.

The firs rose black and gloomy.

Gloomy and dark was the forest.

The firs had cones upon them.

Hiawatha and Nokomis lived in a wigwam.

Before it beat the clear water.

Behind it rose the dark forest.

The forest was black with firs.

In it were gloomy pine-trees.

The firs had cones upon them.

A little boy lived in a wigwam.

The little boy was Hiawatha.

Hiawatha had a grandmother.

His grandmother was Nokomis.

Nokomis lived with Hiawatha.

Hiawatha and his grandmother were Indians.

The wigwam of Nokomis was an Indian wigwam.

It stood by the gloomy forest.

Pine-trees and firs were in the forest.

The firs had cones upon them.

The dark pine-trees were gloomy.

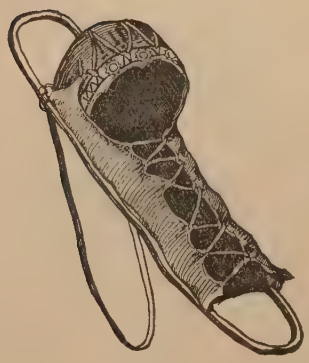
A wigwam stood by the shore.
It stood by the sunny water.
An Indian boy lived in it.
The Indian boy was Hiawatha
Before it beat the water.
Behind it rose the forest.
The sunny water was bright.
It was the Big-Sea-Water.
The dark forest was gloomy.
It was black with pine-trees.
Firs were in the forest.
Upon the firs were cones.

By the shores of Gitche Gumee
stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
The little Hiawatha lived in the
wigwam with Nokomis.
Nokomis was his grandmother.
Before the wigwam was the clear
and shining Big-Sea-Water.
The water was bright and sunny.
The shining water beat upon the
shore before the wigwam.
Before the wigwam was the water
Bright before it beat the clear and
sunny water.

BY the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

"By the shores of Gitche Gumee"

An Indian cradle



Nokomis was old and wrinkled.

She nursed the little Hiawatha.

Hiawatha had a little cradle.

It was a little Indian cradle.

His cradle was in the wigwam.

Old Nokomis rocked him there.

She rocked him in his cradle.

Hiawatha was nursed by Nokomis.

She nursed him and rocked him.

Hiawatha had an Indian cradle.

It was made of the linden-tree.

It was a little linden cradle.

The cradle was in the wigwam.

There Nokomis rocked Hiawatha.

Nokomis nursed Hiawatha.

The linden tree

Nokomis made Hiawatha's cradle.

She made it of the linden-tree.

She bedded it with soft moss.

There were rushes in the cradle.

The moss and rushes were soft.

His linden cradle was made soft
with moss and rushes.

The cradle was made by Nokomis.

Of the linden-tree she made it.

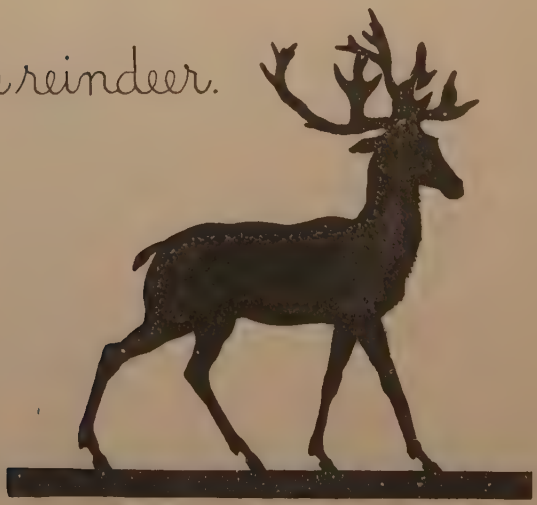
The cradle was bedded soft.

Nokomis bedded it with moss and rushes.

The cradle was safely bound.

Nokomis bound it with sinews of the reindeer.

The reindeer.



Hiawatha's cradle

It was dark in the wigwam.
Hiawatha was in his cradle.
The little boy was fretful.
His grandmother nursed him.
She stilled his fretful wail by saying, "Hush!"

Hiawatha was in his cradle.

The Naked Bear

Hiawatha rocked in his cradle.
He was in the wigwam of his grandmother.
It was dark and he was fretful.
Nokomis stilled his fretful wail.
She rocked his cradle, saying,
"Hush! the Bear will hear thee!
Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"

Old Nokomis was in the wigwam.
She was singing of the forest.
She said the bear lived there.
She called him the Naked Bear.
The little Hiawatha was fretful.
She lulled him into slumber.
"Hush!" said Nokomis, "the Bear
will hear thee!"

"The Bear will hear thee"

Nokomis was old. She was old and wrinkled. She nursed the little Hiawatha.

There was a cradle in the wigwam. Nokomis made it. She made it of linden. It was the little Hiawatha's cradle.

Hiawatha's cradle was soft. Nokomis bedded it with rushes and moss. It was bound with reindeer sinews.

The wrinkled old Nokomis rocked Hiawatha. She lulled him into slumber.

Hiawatha and old Nokomis lived upon the shores of Gitche Gumee, the Big-Sea-Water.

Behind them rose the forest. It rose black and gloomy behind the wigwam of Nokomis.

Pine-trees, lindens and firs were in the forest. There were cones upon the firs.

Nokomis said the Naked Bear lived in the dark forest. The reindeer lived there.

Hiawatha's cradle was safely bound with reindeer sinews.

The owlet lived in the trees.
Hiawatha lived in the wigwam.
Nokomis lulled him into slumber.
"Hush!" she said, "my Hiawatha!
Hush! the Bear will hear thee!"
She called him a little owlet.
She stilled his wail by singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!

The owlet had great eyes.
Hiawatha's eyes were bright.
Nokomis called him an owlet.
"Who lights the wigwam with his
great eyes?" said she.
"My owlet lights the wigwam."

The little owlet had great eyes
that were bright and shining.
Hiawatha had shining eyes.
Nokomis said he was an owlet.
"This is my little owlet," said she,
"that lights the wigwam
with his great eyes."
"Hush! my owlet!" said Nokomis.

Who lived in the wigwam?

Hiawatha and old Nokomis lived there.

Who made Hiawatha's cradle?

Nokomis made it. She rocked the little Indian boy in it.

Was the little boy fretful?

Hiawatha was fretful. It was dark in the wigwam. The forest behind it was gloomy.

Who stilled Hiawatha's wail?

Nokomis stilled it. She said, "Hush! the Bear will hear thee! He is in the forest."

Who is this little boy? This is Hiawatha. The wrinkled old Nokomis is his grandmother.

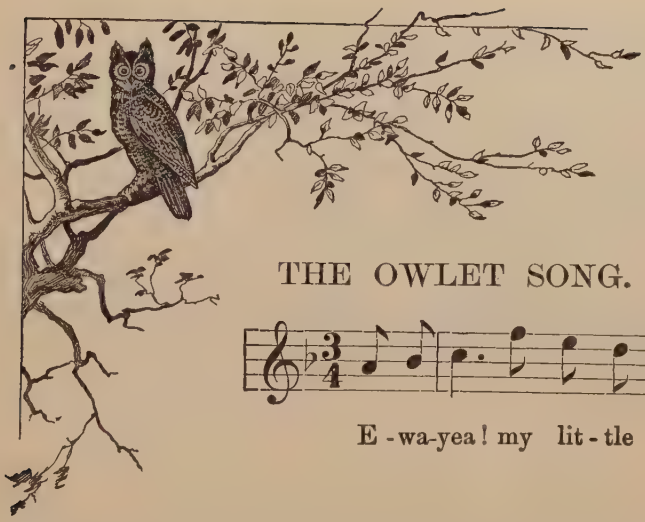
That is an Indian cradle. It is bedded with moss and safely bound with reindeer sinews.

Who is singing? Nokomis is singing in the wigwam. Hiawatha was fretful and she lulled him into slumber.

The little Hiawatha is in his cradle. Old Nokomis is singing, "Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

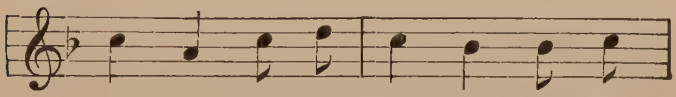
The Big-Sea-Water is singing before the wigwam. The water is saying, "Hush! little boy!"

THERE the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

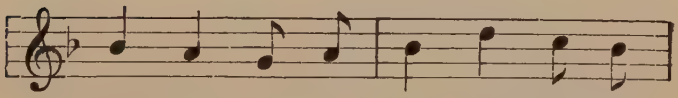


THE OWLET SONG.

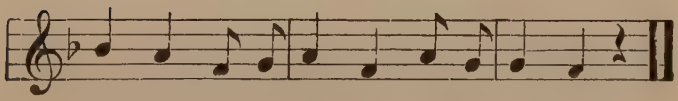
E - wa-yea! my lit - tle



owl - et! Who is this that lights the



wig - wam? With his great eyes lights the



wig-wam? E - wa-yea! my lit - tle owl - et!

The stars were shining

Nokomis taught the little Hiawatha.

She taught him many things.

She showed him the Big-Sea-Water and the forest.

She showed him the stars in heaven.

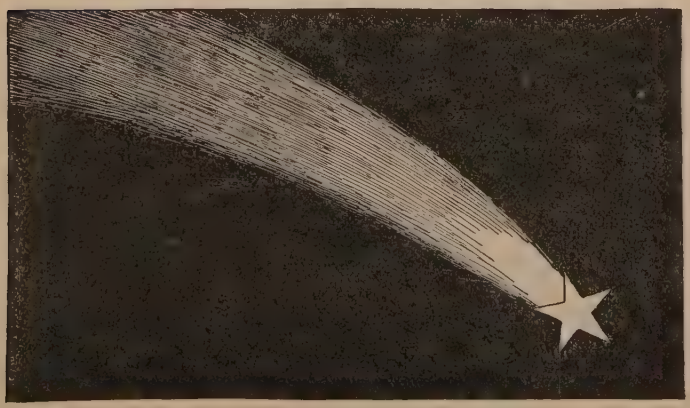
The stars shine bright and clear.

The bright stars shine in the heavens.

Nokomis taught Hiawatha many things of the stars that shine in heaven.

Nokomis showed Hiawatha a comet.
She called the comet Ishkoodah.
She showed him Ishkoodah in the heavens.
Ishkoodah, the comet, was bright.
The tresses of the comet were fiery.
Nokomis showed Hiawatha many things.
She showed him the comet and the stars.
Hiawatha saw the comet and the stars in the heavens.

Ishkoodah had fiery tresses



Nokomis showed Hiawatha many things in the heavens. She showed him the stars. There were many stars in heaven.

The little boy saw the bright comet in the heavens. He called it Ishkoodah. He saw the fiery light of Ishkoodah.

Hiawatha was taught by Nokomis that Ishkoodah had fiery tresses. He saw the tresses of Ishkoodah in the heavens.

Hiawatha saw many things in the forest. Nokomis showed him the pine-trees and the firs. He saw cones upon the firs.

Hiawatha saw the owlet. Old Nokomis showed it to him. It lived in the forest.

Nokomis said that the Naked Bear lived in the gloomy forest.

Bright stars light the heavens.

The comet is bright and fiery.

In winter, Nokomis showed Hiawatha the shining heavens. The winter nights were clear and frosty.

Nokomis showed him the Northern Lights. The Northern Lights are bright in winter. They shine in the heavens.

The stars shine bright in the frosty winter nights. Hiawatha said, "The stars shine bright, Nokomis. See the Northern Lights! They are shining in the northern heavens."

"See the Northern Lights!"

The stars are far away in the heavens. Hiawatha sees them. They are bright and shining.

Hiawatha hears the owlet far away in the pine-trees. He sees the dark firs in the forest. The forest is dark; the stars are bright.

The stars shine upon the Big-Sea-Water. Hiawatha sees them in the water. He hears the water beat upon the shore.

Far away to northward shine the fiery Northern Lights. Hiawatha sees them far to northward, flaring in the heavens.

Ishkoodah is in the heavens. Hiawatha sees the fiery tresses of Ishkoodah.

Hiawatha sees the stars.

The stars are far away.

An Indian warrior

Nokomis taught Hiawatha of the Indian warriors. She showed him their plumes.

Hiawatha saw the Indian warriors with their plumes and war-clubs. He saw them dance the Death-Dance.

In winter, Hiawatha saw the Northern Lights. Nokomis called them the spirits of Indian warriors.

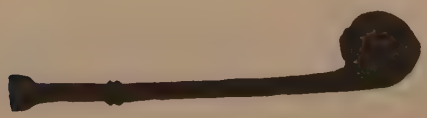
"The spirits of the warriors dance the Death-Dance," said Nokomis. "The flaring lights are their plumes and war-clubs."

In the frosty winter nights, Hiawatha saw many things in the heavens. He saw the bright stars. He saw the comet with fiery tresses, and the Northern Lights.

The Northern Lights were bright. Hiawatha saw them flaring far to northward. Nokomis called them the Death-Dance of the spirits. She said that the flaring lights were their plumes and war-clubs.

"See the lights in the heavens!" said Nokomis. "They are the spirits of Indian warriors. The spirits dance the Death-Dance. See their plumes and war-clubs!"

This is an Indian war-club



Nokomis taught Hiawatha. She showed him many things in the heavens. He saw the comet and the fiery Northern Lights.

Nokomis showed Hiawatha a broad road in the heavens. It was white with stars.

There was a broad white road running straight across the heavens.

The stars made a pathway across the heavens. This road was broad and white. Nokomis called it the spirit pathway.

Nokomis called the road of stars the pathway of the ghosts, the shadows. She said it was crowded with the shadows, or ghosts, of Indian warriors.

"See the white road running straight across the heavens!" said Nokomis. "It is crowded with ghosts, or shadows."

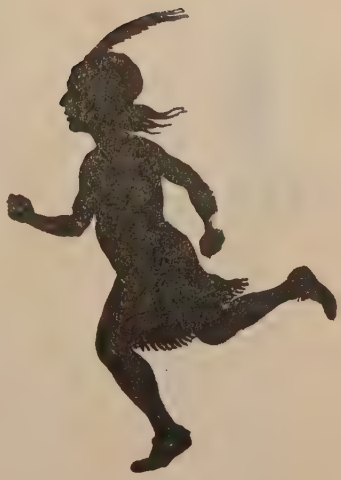
Hiawatha stood with Nokomis before the wigwam. It was a frosty winter night and the heavens were clear.

Nokomis showed Hiawatha many bright stars and a fiery comet. She showed him a broad road running straight across the heavens. The road was white with stars.

Far away to northward, the Northern Lights were flaring. Nokomis showed them to Hiawatha. He saw the flaring Northern Lights dance across the heavens.

"The Northern Lights are the spirits of Indian warriors," said Nokomis. "They dance in the winter heavens. The flaring lights are their plumes and war-clubs."

Nokomis called the road of stars the pathway of shadows. She said it was their pathway into heaven. She taught Hiawatha that it was crowded with ghosts.



It is winter. The night is clear and frosty. Hiawatha is running by the Big-Sea-Water.

The stars are bright. They shine upon the water. Hiawatha sees them shining in the far away heavens.

Ishkoodah, the comet, is bright. His fiery tresses shine in the clear heavens. Hiawatha sees the fiery comet.

Running straight across the heavens is a broad white road. Many, many stars are in this white road. Hiawatha sees them.

Far away to northward, Hiawatha sees the fiery Northern Lights. Their flaring lights dance in the northern heavens.

MANY things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

"Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits"

Hiawatha sat before the wigwam.
His grandmother was with him.
Ishkoodah was in the heavens.
His fiery tresses were shining.
The water made soft music.
It was singing to the shore.
The pine-trees were singing.
They were singing to Hiawatha.

Nokomis sat at the door of her wigwam.
She had the little Hiawatha with her.
They saw the stars shining in heaven.
The stars were shining upon the water.
Ishkoodah was shining in the heavens.

Nokomis and Hiawatha saw the dark forest.
They saw the shadows of the dark firs.
They heard the pine-trees whispering.
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees.
Hiawatha heard the sounds of music.
He heard the whispering of the trees.

The Big-Sea-Water beat upon the shore.
Hiawatha heard the lapping of the water.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the shining water.
Hiawatha heard the words of wonder.
He heard the lapping of the water and the
whispering of the pine-trees.

"Minne-wawa!" said the trees.

At the door on summer evenings sat the little Hiawatha. Nokomis was with him.

Hiawatha heard sounds of music in the forest. The pine-trees were whispering. "Minne-wawa!" said the trees.

Hiawatha saw the Big-Sea-Water shining in the starlight. He heard the lapping of the water on the shore. "Mudway-aushka!" said the water. The words were words of wonder to Hiawatha.

Hiawatha loved his grandmother. On summer evenings they sat at the door of her wigwam. Nokomis taught him.

The little boy saw lights shining in the summer heavens. He said, "What are the bright lights, grandmother?" "They are the stars," said Nokomis. "See the starlight dance upon the water!"

"I see a broad road in the heavens," said Hiawatha. "What is that, Nokomis?" "It is the pathway of the shadows," said Nokomis. "It is white with the shadows, or ghosts, of Indian warriors."

"I hear sounds of music, grandmother." "The trees are whispering," said Nokomis. "They are saying, 'Minne-wawa!'"

"Hear the lapping of the water!" said Nokomis. "It is singing, 'Mudway-aushka! Mudway-aushka!'"

Hiawatha saw the fire-fly. He saw it at night. It was in the dark forest. He called it Wah-wah-taysee.

Hiawatha saw the fire-fly in the dusk of evening. It was flitting through the trees. Nokomis called it the star of the forest.

In the forest were brakes and bushes. The little fire-fly was flitting through the brakes and bushes.

Brakes were in the forest.

Hiawatha saw Wah-wah-taysee flitting through the dusk of evening. He saw the twinkle of its little candle.

"I see the little fire-fly, Nokomis," said Hiawatha. "I see it flitting through the forest. It is lighting up the brakes and bushes with its little candle."

"The fire-fly lights the dark forest," said Nokomis. "It is a little star."

Hiawatha sang to the fire-fly. He sang the song of children. Nokomis taught him the fire-fly song of the children.

Hiawatha loved the little, white-fire creature. He loved to see the twinkle of its candle through the dusk.

He saw the little creature lighting up the bushes with its white-fire candle.

It was a summer evening. The old Nokomis sat at the door of her wigwam. Hiawatha was with her.

Nokomis and Hiawatha loved the summer evenings. They loved to hear the lapping of the water. They loved the music of the whispering pine-trees.

The pine-trees and the water sang to the little Indian boy. "Minne-wawa!" sang the pine-trees. "Mudway-aushka!" sang the water. The words were words of wonder.

The little boy saw a light twinkle in the forest. It was the white-fire candle of Wah-wah-taysee. The little creature was flitting through the forest. It was lighting up the brakes and bushes.

Hiawatha loved the fire-fly.
It was a white-fire creature.

A candle

This is a candle.

The fire-fly had a candle.

The starlight was Hiawatha's candle. On summer evenings, Nokomis made his bed at the door of the wigwam.

The little boy lay on his soft bed of moss. He heard the lapping of the water and the whispering of the pine-trees.

"Hush!" said old Nokomis. "I hear the trees whispering to the stars. The fire-fly is lighting its white-fire candle."

Hiawatha sang to the fire-fly:

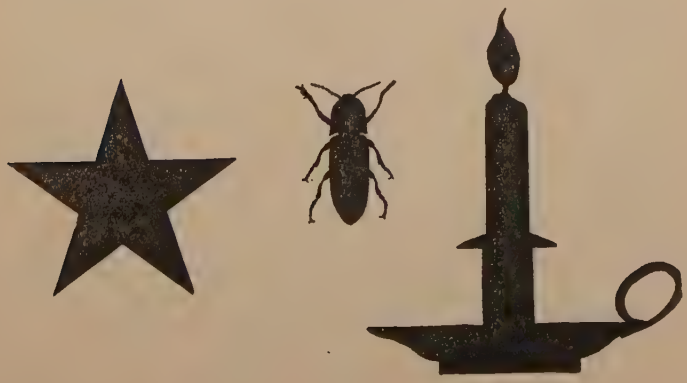
"Light me with your little candle,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids."

The fire-fly is a little insect. The Indians called it Wah-wah-taysee. In the evening dusk it lights its little candle.

Hiawatha loved the flitting, white-fire insect. He saw it dancing through brakes and bushes. He saw its white-fire candle twinkle through the dusk.

The Indian children sang to the fire-fly. Nokomis taught the song to Hiawatha. She called it the fire-fly song.

Hiawatha sang to the little, flitting, dancing, white-fire insect.



It was dark in the wigwam. The little Hiawatha sat at the door. He saw the starlight dancing on the Big-Sea-Water. The fire-fly was flitting through the trees.

The waters and the pine-trees sang to the little boy. "Mudway-aushka!" sang the water. "Minne-wawa!" sang the pine-trees. The sounds were sounds of music and the words were words of wonder. He loved the whispering trees and the singing waters.

The fire-fly was lighting up the dark forest with its little candle. "Light me with your little candle, ere upon my bed I lay me," sang Hiawatha. He loved to see the little, white-fire creature.

"I wonder what your candle is!" said Hiawatha to the little insect. "Is it the star of the forest?"

"Little, flitting insect!"

Hiawatha lay upon his little bed. The starlight was shining upon him. He said to his grandmother:

"I see the bright stars, Nokomis. They twinkle in the heavens. Are the stars the candles of the heavens?"

"The stars are your candles," said his grandmother. "They are shining upon your little bed. Close your eyelids and sleep, my little owlet."

"I see the fire-fly, grandmother. Its candle twinkles through the dusk. See it dancing through the brakes and bushes!"

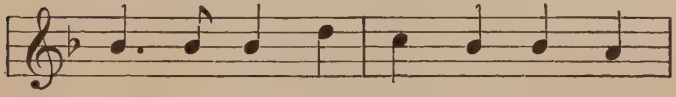
"Your bright eyes are my fire-flies," said Nokomis. "They twinkle in the dusk. Close your eyelids and sleep, my owlet."

Nokomis sang to the little boy. She lulled him into slumber by singing. She sang the song of the fire-fly.

AT the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

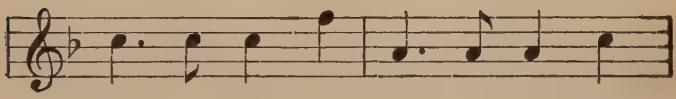
THE FIRE-FLY SONG.

Wah - wah - tay - see, lit - tle fire - fly,

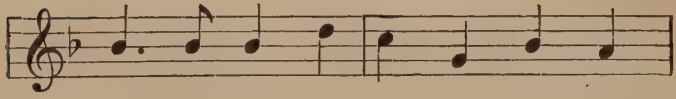


Lit - tle, flit - ting, white - fire in - sect,

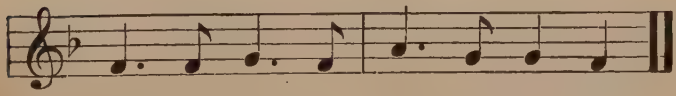
Lit - tle, danc - ing, white - fire crea - ture,



Light me with your lit - tle can - dle,



Ere up - on my bed I lay me,



Ere in sleep I close my eye - lids!

On summer evenings Hiawatha sat at the door of the wigwam. He saw the moon rise from the water. The moonlight made a path on the water.

The moon and stars were shining on the water. The rippling water was dancing in the moonlight.

The moonlight made a shining pathway across the rippling water.

"What is that, Nokomis?"

The great, round moon was shining upon the Big-Sea-Water.

Hiawatha saw the round, shining moon. He whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

Old Nokomis was very good to the little boy. She answered his question, and said, "That is the moon, my little owlet."

Hiawatha saw the round moon.
Moonlight is very beautiful.

It was a beautiful summer night. The heavens were bright and clear. The moon rose rippling from the water.

The little Hiawatha saw the moon rise. It rose rippling, rounding from the Big-Sea-Water. The ripples on the water were bright and shining in the moonlight.

The moonlight and starlight are very beautiful.

The good Nokomis showed Hiawatha many things. Once, they sat before their wigwam in the dusk of the evening.

It was a beautiful summer night. The fire-flies were flitting through the forest. Hiawatha saw the little, white-fire candles twinkling in the bushes.

The far away stars were twinkling in the heavens. They made a broad, shining road across the heavens.

The moon was rising from the rippling water. The moonlight made a broad, white path across the water.

Hiawatha saw the stars and the fire-flies. He saw the bright, round moon and whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

The good Nokomis answered, "That is the beautiful, round moon. See it rise rippling, rounding from the water!"

"See the flecks and shadows on the bright, round moon!"

The moon has flecks and shadows on it. Hiawatha saw the flecks and shadows.

The light from the rising moon is very bright. Hiawatha saw a bright pathway on the Big-Sea-Water. The moon was shining across the ripples on the water.

"See, grandmother," said Hiawatha, "how bright the moonlight is! The ripples on the water are dancing in the moonlight."

Hiawatha saw flecks of shadow on the moon. Nokomis told him that they were the body of an old woman.

She said, "There is an old woman in the moon. This old woman was the grandmother of an Indian warrior. The flecks and shadows are her body."

The little boy asked many questions. Nokomis answered his questions. She told him about the stars. She told him about the moon and the fiery comet.

Nokomis taught him the cradle song and the song of the fire-fly. She taught him the Indian story of the Northern Lights and the story about the moon.

An old woman is in the moon.

Hiawatha saw the shining moon. There were flecks and shadows on it. He asked Nokomis what the flecks and shadows were.

Nokomis told him an Indian story about the moon. This is the story that Nokomis told him:

"Once an Indian warrior was very angry. He seized his old grandmother and threw her up into the sky.

"It was midnight and the moon was in the sky. The angry warrior threw his old grandmother right against the moon. 'T is her body that you see there."

Hiawatha loved to hear this story of the moon. "I see the woman in the moon, Nokomis," said he. "I see her body on the bright moon."

In the frosty winter nights, Hiawatha lay on his bed of moss. Nokomis told him stories about the heavens.

"The broad road of stars is the pathway of the Indian shadows," said Nokomis. "It is crowded with the ghosts of Indians running across the sky.

"In the northern heavens, the spirits of Indian warriors dance the Death-Dance. The flaring lights that you see there are their plumes and war-clubs."

Hiawatha loved to hear the stories of old Nokomis. They lulled him to sleep.

It was an evening in summer.
My Hiawatha sat at the door.
Rippling waters sang to him.
Pine-trees whispered to him.
He saw many beautiful things.

Little lights were twinkling.
They were fire-fly candles.
Stars and moon are shining.
Northern Lights were flaring.

Nokomis was very good to Hiawatha. She answered the questions that he asked her.

"How bright the night is!" said Hiawatha. "What is that fiery light, Nokomis?" "That is Ishkoodah, the comet," said she.

"What is the fire-fly, grandmother?" "It is a little, white-fire insect," said Nokomis. "It has a little candle that it lights at dusk."

"What is the water singing, Nokomis?" "It is saying, 'Mudway-aushka!'" said she. "It is singing a cradle song to you."

"I will sing you a cradle song," said Nokomis. "Close your eyelids and sleep."

Hiawatha loved to hear the stories Nokomis told him. He asked her many questions about the moon and stars.

"What are the flecks and shadows upon the moon, grandmother? How dark they are! What is the story about the moon?"

"Hush! little boy, and hear the story of the angry warrior. Once, on a winter night, an Indian warrior was very angry. He seized his grandmother and threw her up into the sky.

"It was midnight. The round moon was shining in the winter sky. He threw her right against the moon. The shadows that you see are the body of this old woman."

"I see an old woman in the moon," said Hiawatha, "and she sees me. See her eyes shining upon me! The moon is lighting up the wigwam. Good-night, beautiful moon!"

The moon rose rippling, rounding from the Big-Sea-Water. It made a bright path across the dancing ripples.

The stars were twinkling in the clear sky. The fiery comet was shining. In the northern heavens were flaring lights.

Fire-flies were flitting through the forest. They were lighting up the brakes and bushes with their white-fire candles.

The rippling waters beat against the shore. They sang to the moonlight. They sang to the stars of the summer night.

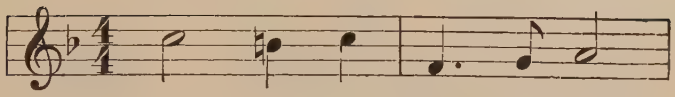
The pine-trees whispered to the water. The firs stood black and straight. They threw dark shadows on the wigwam.

In the wigwam, it was dark. Hiawatha lay in his bed. The music of the waters had lulled him to sleep.

Nokomis was singing the cradle song.

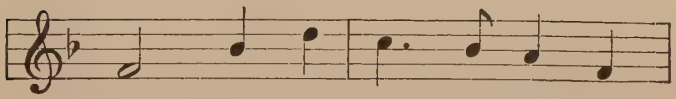
SAW the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there."

THE CRADLE SONG.*



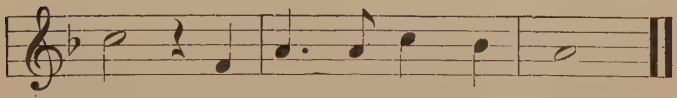
1. Stars of the sum - mer night!
2. Moon of the sum - mer night!

Far in yon az - ure deeps,
Far down yon west - ern steeps,



Hide, hide your gold - en light! He
Sink, sink in sil - ver light! He

sleeps! My loved one sleeps! He



sleeps! He sleeps! My loved one sleeps!

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* Adapted from "STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT," p. 101 Riverside Song Book.

"I see a beautiful rainbow!"

Hiawatha saw the rainbow. It was very beautiful.

He saw the rainbow in the eastern sky. The sun was shining in the western sky.

Hiawatha had not seen the rainbow before. "What is that?" he asked Nokomis.

The good Nokomis answered, "That is a rainbow. See how beautiful it is!"

She told him an Indian story about the rainbow.

Hiawatha stood at the door of the wigwam. It had been raining.

The eastern sky was dark. All at once he saw a beautiful rainbow shining there. It had many bright colors in it.

One foot of the rainbow was on the Big-Sea-Water. One foot was in the forest.

The bright colors of the rainbow were very beautiful against the dark sky.

This is the story of the rainbow that Nokomis told Hiawatha:

"The flowers of the forest and shore are very beautiful. They are of many colors. When they fade on earth they do not perish. They blossom in the rainbow. The rainbow is the heaven of flowers."

There are many beautiful stories about the rainbow.

Hiawatha asked many questions about the rainbow. Nokomis answered his questions and told him many things about it.

"The rainbow is made by the sun shining on the rain," said Nokomis. "You will see it when it has been raining.

"When the sun is in the western sky the rainbow is in the eastern sky. When the sun is in the eastern sky the rainbow is in the western sky. When you see the rainbow the sun is behind you.

"The rainbow is the heaven of flowers. When they fade and perish on earth they blossom in the rainbow. All their beautiful colors are there."

Hiawatha loved the beautiful rainbow. He loved to hear stories about it.

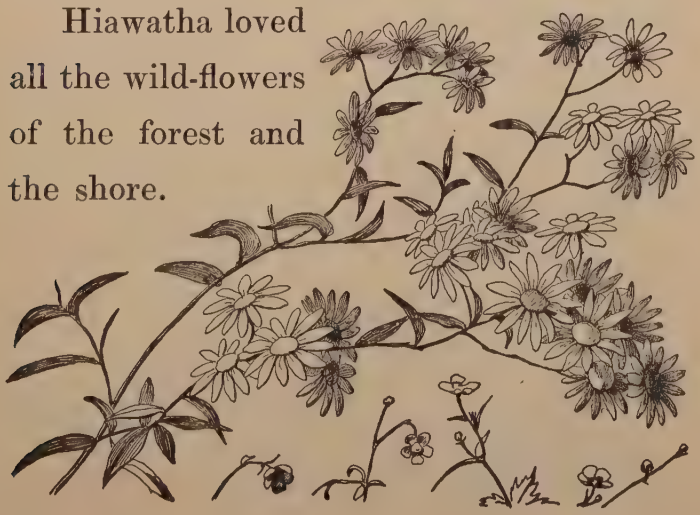
Flowers blossom in the rainbow.

There were many beautiful flowers in the forest and on the shores of Gitche Gumee. They were of many colors.

One summer day, Hiawatha had been in the forest. "See my wild-flowers, Nokomis!" said he. "See their bright colors! Are they not beautiful?"

"The wild-flowers are very beautiful, my Hiawatha," answered Nokomis. "The pine-trees are black and gloomy, but the flowers are bright and beautiful."

Hiawatha loved all the wild-flowers of the forest and the shore.



Nokomis taught Hiawatha the colors of the wild-flowers and the rainbow.

When they saw the rainbow, she showed him the beautiful colors in it and taught him what they were.

"See the rainbow, Hiawatha!" she said. "When the flowers fade on the earth they blossom in that bow above us."

"The rainbow is far above us," Nokomis said. "The sun, moon, and stars are all in the sky above us.

"The sun shines by day. The moon and the stars shine at night. The rainbow is seen when the sun shines on the rain.

"The earth and sky are very beautiful by day and by night."

Earth and sky are beautiful.

Many wild-flowers blossom in the forest. The lilies blossom on the prairie.

One day, Hiawatha had been through the forest with Nokomis. He saw the prairie and the lilies that blossom upon it.

"How beautiful the lilies are!" said Hiawatha. "Do they fade and perish in winter, grandmother?"

"They fade on earth," said old Nokomis, "but they blossom in heaven. You can see them in the rainbow."

"I love the flowers, dear grandmother," said Hiawatha. "I love the lilies and the beautiful rainbow that blossoms in the heavens."

When do the flowers blossom? The wild-flowers of the forest and the lilies of the prairie blossom in summer.

Do the wild-flowers of the forest and the lilies of the prairie fade? They fade on earth, but they blossom in heaven.

Can you see the flowers in the sky? I can see all their colors in the rainbow.

When do you see the rainbow? When the sun shines upon the rain, I see the rainbow against the dark sky.

Do you love the flowers and the rainbow? All children love the rainbow. They love to see the beautiful colors in it.

What flowers are seen in the rainbow?

"All the lilies of the prairie,
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

Hiawatha loved the wild-flowers of the forest and the lilies of the prairie. He loved the rippling water and the whispering trees. He loved the twinkling stars, the shining sun and the bright moon.

He said, "Dear grandmother, the earth is beautiful. I love it. I love the rainbow. It has one foot on the water and one on the earth. Its bow is far above us in the sky. I can see all the colors of the wild-flowers in its beautiful bow.

"I can hear the pine-trees whispering in the forest. Are they whispering to the flowers, grandmother? Do the trees love the little flowers? I love the trees and the flowers.

"I love the sun, the moon, the comet, the stars, the water, the trees, and the flowers. They are all very beautiful."

SAW the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

"Saw the rainbow in the heaven"

Owls are hooting in the forest.

The little Hiawatha was in the wigwam. He had been asleep. It was midnight and the wigwam was very dark.

All at once, he heard sounds from the forest. "What is that, Nokomis?" he cried in terror. "Is it the Naked Bear?"

"Hush, little boy!" said Nokomis. "It is but the owl and owlet. They are hooting and laughing in the forest.

"They are not hooting at us," said old Nokomis. "Close your eyes and sleep."

She told him stories of the owls. She sang the song of the owlet to him.

THE OWL AND THE OWLET.

Nokomis told Hiawatha about the owls:

"The owls live in the dark and gloomy forest. They live in the pine-trees and firs. They love the dark forest.

"The owls do not sleep at night. They sleep when the sun is shining. They can not see by day when the sun is bright.

"Owls have great eyes. Their eyes are bright. They can see at night when it is very dark. They love the dark night.

"The owlet is a little owl. It lives with the old owl in the forest. You can hear them talking with each other in the trees at night.

"The hooting of the owl and owlet is their native language. They are talking to each other in their native language.

"The old owl is scolding at the owlet and the owlet is laughing at the moon."

Owls live in the dark forest.

The owlet is a little owl.

The owls were talking to each other. They were talking in their native language and laughing at each other.

Hiawatha heard the hooting of the owls and he was afraid. "What is that?" he cried in terror.

Nokomis laughed and said, "That is but the owl and owlet in the pine-trees. They are talking to each other in their native language. The old owl is scolding and the owlet is laughing at the moon."

"Is not the little owlet afraid of the dark night, grandmother?" asked Hiawatha. "The owlet is with the old owl," said Nokomis. "They love the dark night. Do you not hear them scolding at the moon?"

"Are the owls talking to me, Nokomis?" "They are not talking to you, little boy. They are scolding at each other."

NOKOMIS AND HIAWATHA.

The little Hiawatha was very dear to his old grandmother. She told him stories and sang to him. She called him her fire-fly, her star, and her little warrior.

On bright summer nights, they stood at the door of the wigwam and she showed him the wonders of the heavens. When they saw the round moon rising from the water, she told him the story of the Indian warrior who threw his grandmother up to the moon.

When the nights were dark, they sat in the wigwam talking to each other. Nokomis told stories about the bear and the owls. The little boy loved to hear the stories and he asked many questions.

When he heard the owls hooting at midnight, Hiawatha cried. Nokomis laughed at his terror and told him not to be afraid. She said the owls were talking and laughing in their native language.

Can you hear the owls talking?

HIAWATHA IN THE FOREST.

Hiawatha had been in the forest behind the wigwam. He had been to see the wild-flowers. He called them his little earth-stars.

He saw many things in the forest. Dark forest trees rose all about him. The firs were black and gloomy, but the pine-trees whispered to each other. He heard their soft music above him.

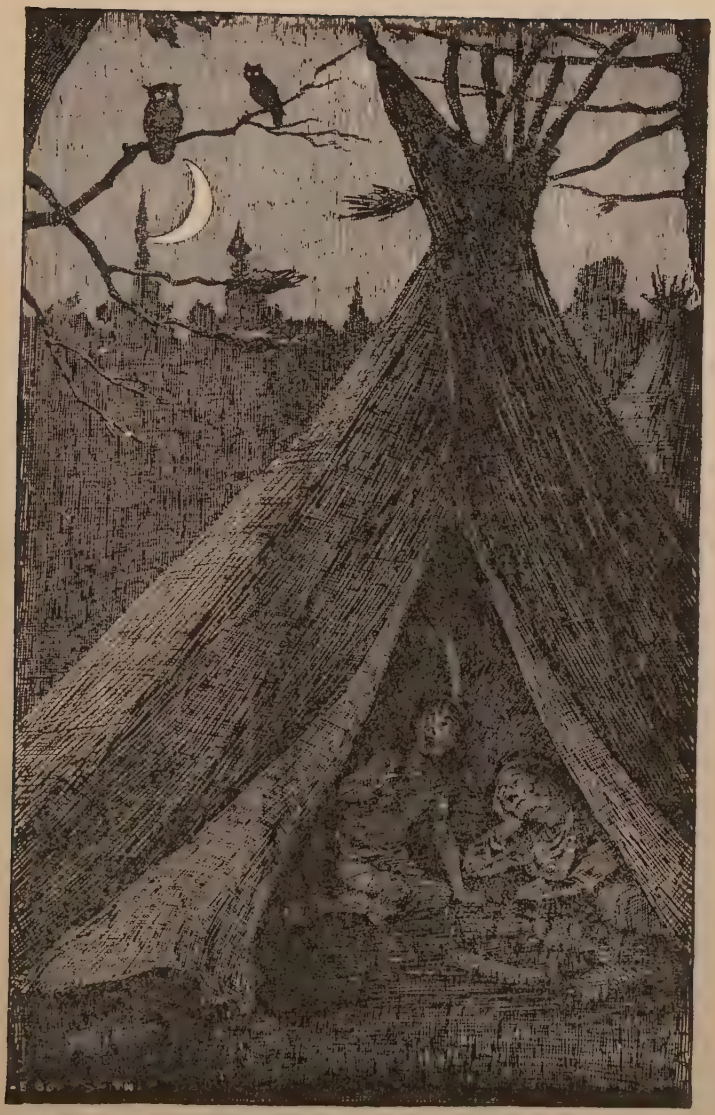
The sun was shining through the trees. It made little flecks of light and shadow in the forest. The great trees threw dark shadows on the earth.

At the foot of a fir-tree he saw a bed of soft moss. It was very beautiful. All about it were flowers of many colors.

Far above him in a great pine-tree he saw the owl and owlet. He was not afraid of them. They were asleep.

In the dusk of the evening, Nokomis called him to the wigwam. He told her all about the things he had seen in the forest.

WHEN he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."



"That is but the owl and owlet"

THE BIRDS.

One summer day the sun was shining. Hiawatha walked into the forest. There he saw the little birds. He saw them flying from tree to tree.

The little birds of the forest were of many colors. They were very beautiful as they flew from tree to tree. They were as bright and beautiful as flowers.

The old birds taught their little ones how to fly. They were flying through the trees and singing to each other. Hiawatha heard them talking to each other in their native language.

That night Hiawatha told Nokomis all about the birds he had seen in the forest.

I love the birds.

HIAWATHA AND THE BIRDS.

Hiawatha watched the birds all summer. He loved the little creatures. He watched them flying through the trees.

He learned the language of the birds. Then he talked with them and learned all their secrets. He was good to the little creatures and they learned to love him.

The little birds talked with Hiawatha. They loved him. They flew about him as he sat and watched them. They told him their secrets.

The birds showed Hiawatha their nests. He learned where they built their nests.

The birds built their nests.

THE NESTS.

Hiawatha learned the names of all the birds. He called them by their names when he met them in the forest. He learned the language of every bird and talked with it whenever he met it.

The birds showed Hiawatha their nests. They built their nests upon the earth and in the trees and bushes. Hiawatha learned where they were. The birds told him.

He watched the birds as they built the nests. They built them of twigs, moss and soft earth. The nests were round. Hiawatha called them the wigwams of the birds.

The little birds hid their nests from the owls, but they showed them to the little boy. They were afraid of the owls, but they loved Hiawatha.

The birds told Hiawatha the secrets of their nests. They taught him many things.

Birds are in the fir trees.
Do you see a nest there?

THE BIRD SONGS.

The birds sang to the little Hiawatha. Whenever he walked in the forest, they flew about him singing. He called them by their names and they sang their beautiful songs to him. They loved the little Indian boy.

"Where are you, little birds?" called Hiawatha as he came into the forest. The birds all came flying about him. "Sing to me, dear little birds," said he, and they sang their beautiful songs to him.

They sang of the trees and the flowers and the bright sun. They sang the secrets of the forest to him. They taught him where they hid their nests in summer.

"Little boy, do you see a nest hid in the tree?" sang the birds.

THE MORNING.

Hiawatha had been asleep in the wigwam all through the dark night. The birds had been asleep in the dark forest.

When the light of morning came through the door of the wigwam, Hiawatha awoke. He watched the little stars fade one by one. He saw the beautiful morning light in the eastern sky. It was of many colors.

All at once, he saw a bright light on the dark forest trees. It made them very beautiful. Then he saw the sun rise from the Big-Sea-Water. Its fiery light made a path across the shining ripples.

The bright sun awoke the little birds. Hiawatha heard them singing to each other in the forest. They sang of the beautiful morning and the bright sun. They sang the music of the forest.

The sun awoke the little flowers. They had been asleep through the night, but the bright sun awoke them. They showed their beautiful blossoms to the shining sun.

HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS.

Hiawatha loved all the birds. He loved their singing and their beautiful colors. He called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

"How are my little chickens?" he asked whenever he came into the forest. Then he talked with them and they taught him all their secrets. He learned how they built their nests in summer and where they hid themselves in winter.

"Hiawatha's Chickens" were not afraid of him. They knew that he loved them and they were not afraid. Whenever he called them, they came flying about him.

"Hiawatha's Chickens" sang to him. He knew all their songs and loved them.

THE LITTLE BIRDS AND THE OWLS.

Every morning when Hiawatha awoke, he heard the birds singing in the forest. At night when he lay in the wigwam, he heard the owls hooting and scolding.

The little boy knew all the sounds of the forest. He knew the language of every bird. He knew what the owls said to each other. He knew the names of all the birds.

The owls were asleep through the day, but at night they awoke. When the bright moon rose, Hiawatha heard them hooting in the forest. He heard them talking to each other and laughing at the moon.

The little birds sang when the sun was shining. They sang to the rising sun that made the earth beautiful. Hiawatha called them his little chickens.

"Hiawatha's Chickens" were afraid of the owls and at night they hid themselves in the trees.

Hiawatha loved the music of the birds, but he was afraid when he heard the owls.

THEN the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

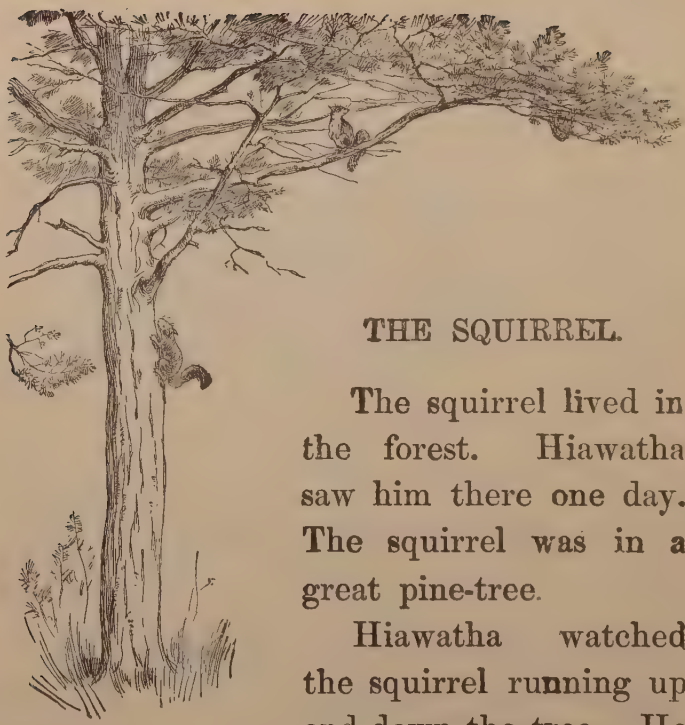
"Learned of every bird its language"

THE BEAVER.

Hiawatha saw the beaver in the forest. The beavers lived by the water and built themselves lodges of twigs and soft earth. They lived in the lodges.

The lodges of the beavers stood by the river. The beavers built a dam across the river. They made the dam of trees, twigs and earth. When the water rose behind the dam, they built their lodges there.

Hiawatha watched the beavers at their work. He learned all their secrets. They talked with him and told him many things. He learned how they built their lodges.



THE SQUIRREL.

The squirrel lived in the forest. Hiawatha saw him there one day. The squirrel was in a great pine-tree.

Hiawatha watched the squirrel running up and down the tree. He talked with it and learned all its secrets. He called it Adjidaumo

Adjidaumo had a nest in the pine-tree. The nest was made of twigs and leaves. He lived in the nest all through the summer.

Hiawatha loved to see the squirrel running up and down the trees.

ADJIDAUMO AND THE ACORNS.

In winter, Adjidaumo did not live in a nest. He lived then in a hollow tree.

Adjidaumo lived on acorns. All through the summer he was at work. He hid acorns in the hollow of the tree.

One day, Hiawatha watched Adjidaumo at work. He saw him running up and down the tree with acorns. He learned where he hid the acorns in the hollow tree.

"Why do you work all day?" asked Hiawatha. "I work in summer so I can live in winter," answered Adjidaumo.

The hollow in the tree was Adjidaumo's wigwam. He bedded it with moss and leaves and lived there all winter.

THE RABBIT.

The rabbit was very timid. It did not live in the trees as the squirrel did. It did not have lodges as the beaver did. It hid in the bushes.

Hiawatha loved the little creature. He talked with it whenever he met it. It was not afraid of him and he learned all its secrets. He learned why it was so timid.

The rabbit told Hiawatha why it was so timid. It was afraid of the other beasts. When it saw them, it hid in the bushes.

Hiawatha learned where the rabbit hid. He knew all the secrets of the forest.

THE REINDEER.

Hiawatha saw a reindeer in the forest. It was running very swiftly. It had great antlers.

Hiawatha learned many things about the reindeer. He watched it running through the trees. He saw its great antlers.

Hiawatha talked with the reindeer. He asked it how it ran so swiftly. The reindeer told him all its secrets.

The reindeer did not work as the squirrel and the beaver did. When winter came, it lived on moss and twigs.

At night, the reindeer lay down in the bushes to sleep. In the morning, it awoke and ran swiftly through the forest.

The rabbit ran very swiftly, but not so swiftly as the reindeer.

HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS.

All the beasts were Hiawatha's friends. He was very good to them. He called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Whenever he went into the forest, they came running about him. "We are your little brothers, Hiawatha," they said. "You are very good to us and we love you."

The beavers showed him how they built the dam across the river. They showed him their lodges on the shore. They said that the lodges were their little wigwams.

The squirrel was glad to see Hiawatha. It showed him the nest in the great pine-tree. It showed him the hollow tree where it hid the acorns.

The timid rabbit talked with Hiawatha. It told him why it was afraid of the other beasts and the owls.

The reindeer taught him how it ran so swiftly. It showed him its great antlers.

Hiawatha knew them all and loved them. He said they were "Hiawatha's Brothers."

What The Beasts Said.

"Good morning, little brother!" said all the beasts to Hiawatha. "How are you this beautiful morning?"

"We are very glad to see you this morning," said the beavers.

"Do you see my nest in that pine-tree?" asked the squirrel.

"We are your little friends, Hiawatha," said the rabbits.

"See my great antlers!" said the reindeer.

OF all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

"Learned their names and all their secrets"

IAGOO.

Old Iagoo was a great warrior. He loved the little Hiawatha and told him marvellous stories. He had been a great traveller and he was a marvellous story-teller. Nokomis and he were friends.

Iagoo was a great talker and boaster. When he came to the wigwam, he told Nokomis and Hiawatha marvellous stories about the things he had seen. Hiawatha loved to hear his stories and asked him many questions about them.

Iagoo answered all the questions that Hiawatha asked. He had been a great traveller and he had learned many things. He taught Hiawatha all he had learned.

Hiawatha loved Iagoo, the great boaster and story-teller. He loved his stories.

THE MAKING OF THE BOW.

One day, Iagoo had been talking to Hiawatha about the Indian warriors. He said they were great hunters. "I will make you a bow, my little hunter," said he.

Then Iagoo, the great boaster, made a bow for Hiawatha. "We must have a branch from the ash-tree to make a good bow," he said. They went into the forest together and Iagoo saw an ash-tree there. He made the bow from a branch of the ash.

"The bow must have a cord," said Iagoo. "We will make the cord of deer-skin." He went into the wigwam and old Nokomis gave him a deer-skin. Then he made a cord and fastened it to the bow.

Hiawatha was glad when Iagoo gave him the bow. He showed it to Nokomis and told her that Iagoo had made it for him.

THE MAKING OF THE ARROWS.

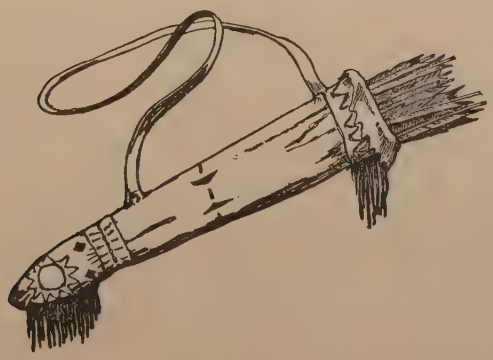
"You must have arrows for your bow, my little hunter," said Iagoo to Hiawatha.

So Iagoo and Hiawatha walked into the forest. They found an oak-tree there and Iagoo made the arrows from an oak-bough.

"The arrows must be winged with feathers," said Iagoo. So he winged the arrows with feathers that Hiawatha found.

"The arrows must be tipped with flint," said Iagoo. So they found flint and Iagoo tipped the arrows with it.

"We must have a quiver for the arrows," said Iagoo. So he made a quiver for them.



IAGOO, NOKOMIS AND HIAWATHA.

"Where is my little boy?" said Nokomis to Iagoo. "He is with me," said old Iagoo. "We have been making a bow and arrows."

"See what a good bow I have!" said Hiawatha. "Iagoo made it for me. See the quiver for my arrows! Iagoo has made it of many colors. Is it not beautiful?"

"Iagoo is very good to you," said Nokomis. "He is my friend and we are glad to have him with us. Where have you been all day, Iagoo?"

"We have been in the forest for boughs of oak and a branch of ash," said Iagoo. "Then we went to the shore of the Big-Sea Water and found flint for the arrows."

"What will Hiawatha do with a bow and arrows?" asked Nokomis. "He is my little hunter," answered Iagoo. "He will go into the forest and kill a famous roebuck."

"I will kill the deer," said Hiawatha, "but I will not kill the squirrel and the rabbit. They are my little brothers."

WHAT IAGOO SAID TO HIAWATHA.

Iagoo fastened the quiver for Hiawatha and gave him the bow. Then he said:

"See, my son, you are a little hunter! I have made for you a bow and arrows. You must go into the forest and kill a deer.

"The red deer herd together in the forest. With them there is a famous roebuck. This roebuck has great antlers and he is very beautiful.

"Go into the forest, my son, with your bow and arrows. When you have found where the red deer herd together, you must kill for us the famous roebuck.

"Your arrows are tipped with flint and winged with feathers. Kill for us a deer with antlers!

"Your arrow will fly straight from the bow. Kill for us a famous roebuck!"

THEN Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers.
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

"Go, my son, into the forest"

IN THE FOREST.

Hiawatha walked forth into the forest. The little boy was all alone, but he walked very proudly. He went straightway into the forest.

It was a beautiful summer day. The sun was shining in the clear sky. As Hiawatha walked proudly among the trees, the birds sang to him from the branches above.

Forth into the forest straightway went the little hunter. He was all alone, but he had his bow and arrows with him.

WHAT THE BIRDS SANG.

As Hiawatha walked proudly through the forest, the birds flew round him and over him. They sat among the branches over him and sang to him. "We are glad to see you, little brother," sang the birds.

But when the birds saw Hiawatha's bow and arrows, they were afraid. They sang, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha! Do not shoot your little chickens!"

The bluebird flew over the little hunter, singing, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha! I am Owaissa, the bluebird. I am Owaissa, the friend of Hiawatha. Do not shoot me, little brother!"

The robin knew Hiawatha and loved him, but it was afraid of his bow and arrows. It sat on a bough above the little hunter and watched him with its bright eyes.

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" sang the robin. "I am your little friend, Opechee. I am Opechee, the robin, and I love you. Do not shoot me, little hunter!"

WHAT THE SQUIRREL SAID.

Adjidaumo, the squirrel, sprang up the oak-tree, close beside the little hunter. He ran in and out among the branches and watched Hiawatha with his bright eyes.

Adjidaumo laughed when he saw the bow. He sat in the oak-tree and chattered and coughed at the little hunter. He threw acorns from the oak-tree at him. He laughed, and said between his laughing:

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha! I am Adjidaumo, the squirrel. I am the friend and brother of Hiawatha. Do not shoot me, little brother!

"I am not afraid of you, little hunter You have many arrows in your quiver, but you will not kill me with them. Your arrows are tipped with flint, but I am not afraid of them. I am your little brother."

WHAT THE RABBIT SAID.

The timid rabbit saw the little hunter and leaped aside from his pathway. When it was at a little distance, it sat erect upon its haunches and watched him.

The rabbit loved Hiawatha, but it was half afraid of his bow and arrows. As he came down the pathway between the trees, it said half in fear and half in frolic:

"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha! I am your little friend, the rabbit. I am very timid and I fear your bow and arrows. Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!

"When I saw the arrows in your quiver, I leaped aside from your pathway and ran, dear little brother. Then I watched you half in frolic and half in fear. What will you do with your bow and arrows, little hunter?"

THE LITTLE HUNTER.

Hiawatha walked on through the forest alone. He had walked proudly forth from the wigwam and straightway to the forest. His bow was beside him and many arrows were in his quiver.

The birds sang round and over the little hunter. "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" sang the robin, the Opechee. "Do not kill us, Hiawatha!" sang the bluebird, the Owaissa. But Hiawatha heard them not.

Up the oak-tree sprang Adjidaumo, the squirrel. He sprang out and in among the branches and coughed and chattered to the little boy. "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" he called between his laughing. But Hiawatha saw him not.

The rabbit leaped aside from the pathway and sat erect upon its haunches at a distance. "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" it said half in fear and half in frolic. But Hiawatha heard it not. He went straightway through the forest.

FORTH into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

"Forth into the forest straightway"

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

You have heard how the birds and the beasts talked to Hiawatha, when they saw him with his bow and quiver of arrows. But he heeded not, nor heard them. All his thoughts were with the red deer that herd together in the forest.

The little hunter found the tracks of the deer in the forest, and his eyes were fastened on them. When Adjidaumo sprang up the oak-tree and coughed and chattered among its branches, Hiawatha did not see, nor hear him. The thoughts of the little hunter were with the red deer.

When the rabbit leaped aside from his

pathway and sat erect upon its haunches, Hiawatha heeded it not. His thoughts were with the famous roebuck that was with the herd of red deer.

The little hunter's eyes were fastened on the tracks of the red deer. They made a pathway leading downward to the river, and he walked down the pathway.

When Hiawatha came to the ford across the river, he hid in the alder-bushes. He lay there, safely hidden, and waited till the deer came.

Hidden in the alder-bushes, the little hunter waited for the deer. His eyes were fastened on the pathway leading downward to the ford. His bow was close beside him with the arrow on the cord.

Round about the little hunter flew the birds. The robin and the bluebird called to him from the branches. Adjidaumo chat-

tered to him from the oak-bough. The rabbit sat erect and watched him from a distance. But Hiawatha heeded them not. All his thoughts were with the roebuck and he waited for its coming.

All about the little hunter were great trees. Their leaves trembled in the wind. They whispered to him as he lay hidden in the alder-bushes by the ford. But Hiawatha did not hear them.

The birch-leaf palpitated in the soft summer wind, but he did not see it. He waited to see a deer come down the pathway, and his heart palpitated within him as he waited.

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING.

Hiawatha lay in the alder-bushes. All at once, he saw two antlers lifted from a thicket. He knew the deer was coming, but he watched and waited. He saw two bright eyes look from the thicket, but he waited and watched. He saw two nostrils point to windward. But still he waited.

Then a deer came down the pathway. Ah! what a beautiful deer it was! Its antlers were proudly lifted as it walked down the pathway to the ford. It knew not that the little hunter was hidden in the bushes by the river.

The pathway was flecked with light and shadow from the leafy trees above it. The deer was very beautiful as it stood there with nostrils to windward and its antlers proudly lifted.

Hiawatha was very glad to see the deer. How his heart palpitated within him! How

it trembled and fluttered! It palpitated like the birch-leaf when he saw the eyes look from the thicket. When the deer came down the pathway, it fluttered and trembled like the leaves on the alder-bushes above him. But he lay very still, for he knew that the deer was timid.

"Ah!" thought the little hunter, "this is the famous roebuck that Iagoo told me about. This is the deer with antlers that I came to kill. I will shoot him with the bow and arrows that Iagoo made for me. I will kill the deer with antlers."

BUT he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red
deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

"There he waited till the deer came"

THE SHOOTING OF THE DEER.

Hiawatha waited till the deer came down to the ford. Then, upon one knee uprising, he aimed an arrow. He aimed the arrow at the deer as it stood with lifted antlers beside the river.

The little hunter made no sound. Not a twig moved with his motion as he rose upon one knee. Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled as he aimed the arrow. But he was afraid that the deer had heard him.

How the little hunter's heart fluttered and trembled as he aimed the arrow! It palpitated within him like the birch-leaf in the wind. He was afraid that the deer

had heard him. He was afraid that it had seen him through the leaves of the alder-bushes that hid him.

Hiawatha's heart trembled, but he aimed his arrow straight at the deer.

Uprising on one knee, the little hunter aimed his arrow at the deer. Scarce a twig moved with his motion. Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled. But the wary roe-buck started as if it had heard him.

The roebuck was very timid. It did not see Hiawatha point the arrow at its heart, but it started and listened. It listened with one foot uplifted. It stood with its nostrils to windward. But there was not a sound from the alder-bushes.

The wary roebuck knew that the hunter was hidden close by. It listened with up-lifted foot, but it did not hear him. It looked up and down the pathway, but it did

THE SHOOTING OF THE DEER.

not see him. It stood with its nostrils to windward, but it did not find him.

Then the roebuck stamped with all its hoofs together, for it knew that Hiawatha was close by.

As the deer stamped with all its hoofs together, the arrow flew from the cord of the bow. Ah! the singing, fatal arrow! It flew straight from the bow. It buzzed and stung like a wasp.

The fatal arrow was made from a branch

of the oak-tree. It had a point of flint. It was winged with feathers. It was very straight and it flew swiftly. There were many arrows like it in Hiawatha's quiver. Iagoo made them all.

Straight to the heart of the deer flew the fatal arrow. The timid deer heard it singing from the bow. He leaped as if to meet it. He knew not what to do nor where to go. He heard the arrow coming, but he did not see it.

The fatal arrow went where the hunter aimed it. It found the heart of the timid deer. It stung him like a wasp. It found his timid heart and stung it till it beat no longer.

The roebuck was dead. His timid heart beat no longer. Hiawatha had killed him. With his bow and arrow, the little hunter had killed the famous roebuck.

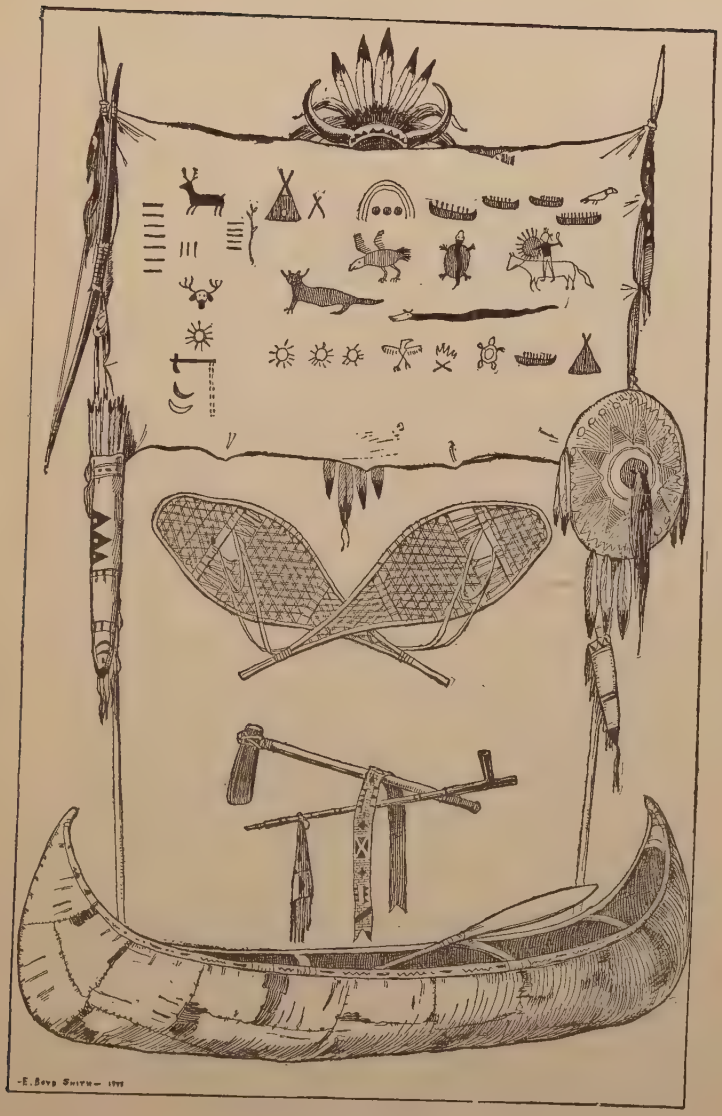
THE SHOOTING OF THE DEER.

The leaves of the trees fluttered and trembled in the soft summer wind, but the roebuck's heart was stilled. It fluttered and trembled no longer. The arrow of the hunter had stung and stilled it.

The birds sang among the leafy boughs. The squirrel laughed and chattered in the oak-tree. The rabbit came forth from the thicket and listened. But the roebuck saw them not, nor heard them. He was dead.

And the roebuck moved not, nor stirred. Dead he lay there on the pathway, by the ford across the river.

THEN, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer.



Indian Implements

THE HOME-COMING AND THE FEAST.

Hiawatha was glad. He ran to the dead roebuck and looked down upon him proudly. How his heart throbbed and exulted within him! He had killed the wary roebuck! He had killed the deer with antlers!

The little hunter's heart throbbed and exulted. "Look, my brothers!" he shouted to the rabbit and the squirrel. "See what I have killed! I have killed the famous roebuck. I have killed the great deer of the herd with my bow of ash and my arrows of oak. Iagoo and Nokomis will be glad."

Then Hiawatha bore the deer homeward. He knew that Iagoo and Nokomis waited for him in the wigwam, and he walked proudly. His heart exulted within him. He shouted to the robin and the bluebird. He called to the beaver and the reindeer. He talked to the squirrel and the rabbit. His heart

was glad within him, for he knew that Nokomis and Iagoo waited for his coming.

The birds sang to Hiawatha as he bore the red deer homeward. The squirrel chattered from the bough of the oak-tree. The beavers came forth from their lodges and watched him. The rabbit leaped across his pathway. They all exulted with the little hunter as he bore the red deer homeward.

Iagoo and Nokomis stood at the door of the wigwam. Their thoughts were with the little hunter in the forest. They talked about him as they waited for his coming.

"Where is my little hunter?" asked Nokomis. "I fear he has not found the deer. Will you not go into the forest and find him, Iagoo? I do not hear him coming."

"Ugh!" said Iagoo. "He will come when he has found the deer and killed him. The roebuck is timid and wary, but our little

hunter will track him through the forest. Do not be afraid, Nokomis."

"Hush!" said Nokomis, "I hear him coming." They listened and heard Hiawatha as he shouted to the birds and beasts. Then the little hunter came out of the forest, and they saw him.

Hiawatha bore the red deer straightway to the wigwam and gave it to old Nokomis. "See, Iagoo!" he said. "I have killed the famous roebuck."

Iagoo and Nokomis hailed the coming of Hiawatha with applauses. They praised him and called him a famous hunter. "I will make him a cloak of the roebuck's hide," said Nokomis. "It will be a good cloak for winter." So she made Hiawatha a deer-skin cloak.

THE HOME-COMING AND THE FEAST.

"What will you do with the red deer's flesh?" asked Hiawatha. "We will make you a banquet," said Nokomis. "Ugh!" said old Iagoo, "we will make a feast in honor of our little hunter."

"We will have all the village come to our feast," said Nokomis. "We will make a great feast in honor of our little hunter. We will have all the warriors, and all of the women and the children as our guests."

So Nokomis and Iagoo made a banquet in Hiawatha's honor. Nokomis made the banquet from the red deer's flesh, and Iagoo called all the warriors and all the women and the children of the

village as guests. They all came and feasted in honor of Hiawatha's hunting.

When the banquet was over, Iagoo told stories. The Indians listened to his stories and praised them. "Ugh!" they said, "you are a marvellous story-teller."

Then Hiawatha told them of the shooting of the deer. He told them how it came down to the ford where he lay hidden, and how he killed and bore it homeward.

The warriors and the women all praised the hunter. They called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha. They called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee.

BUT the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

"All the guests praised Hiawatha"

APPENDIX

MUDJEKEEWIS.

THIS is the story of Mudjekeewis, who killed the Great Bear of the mountains.

Mudjekeewis was a great warrior. Once, he was hunting all alone and he found the Great Bear of the mountains as it lay asleep. The Great Bear had a magic girdle of wampum.

The heart of Mudjekeewis exulted. He made no sound as he walked softly up the mountain. He drew the magic girdle softly over the round ears of the Bear as it lay asleep. It did not see, nor hear him.

Then Mudjekeewis shouted his war-cry and struck the Bear with his great war-club. Right between the eyes he struck it. The great beast rose from the earth, but its

knees trembled with fear. It sat upon its haunches and cried like a woman.

Mudjekeewis laughed when he saw that the Bear was afraid of him. He called it a coward and an old woman. Then he killed it with his war-club and bore the magic girdle of wampum to the village.

When the Indians saw the magic girdle, they hailed Mudjekeewis with applauses. "Honor be to Mudjekeewis!" they shouted. "He shall be ruler of the winds of heaven. He shall be called Mudjekeewis no longer, but Kabeyun, the West-Wind.

WABUN.

Mudjekeewis had three sons. Wabun was young and beautiful, and to him Mudjekeewis gave the East-Wind.

All the Indians loved Wabun. He came from the East with the morning light. He whispered to the trees. He told the birds and blossoms that the sun was coming. He called the deer, and called the hunter.

Wabun was very lonely in the sky. The birds sang to him and the flowers lifted up their blossoms for him to see. Rivers and forests shouted at his coming. But his heart was sad within him, for he was alone in heaven.

One day, as Wabun looked down upon the earth, he saw a maiden standing by a river. Her eyes were blue as the summer sky and she was very beautiful. She was all alone on earth as Wabun was in heaven.

Then Wabun called the maiden from the earth to live with him in heaven. So the East-Wind and the Star of Morning are no longer lonely. They walk through heaven together and help to make the earth beautiful and bright.

SHAWONDASEE.

Shawondasee, the brother of Wabun, was fat and lazy. Mudjekeewis gave to him the

soft and gentle South-Wind that blew over the earth in summer.

Shawondasee loved the flowers and many blossoms sprang up in his pathway. When he blew across the earth, the birds sang among the branches. All things loved the soft and gentle South-Wind.

But Shawondasee had one sorrow in his heart. One day, as he looked northward, he saw a maiden standing among the lilies on the prairie. Her cloak was green and her tresses were like the sunshine.

Shawondasee loved this maiden, but he was very lazy. He did not go northward to where she stood. He called to her, but she heeded him not. So the lazy Shawondasee sat and watched her as she stood upon the prairie in the summer sunshine.

One morning, when Shawondasee looked to see the maiden, he found her shining tresses white as snow. They blew away in the wind as he watched her. Then he knew it was not a maiden that he had seen. It was the beautiful prairie dandelion.

KABIBONOKKA.

To Kabibonokka, Mudjekeewis gave the cold, cruel North-Wind. So Kabibonokka lives far away to northward in the land of the White Rabbit.

Once, Kabibonokka came forth from his lodge in the land of frost and snow. When he blew over the earth, the flowers were killed and the birds flew far away to the sunny land of Shawondasee. But Shingebis, the diver, was not afraid of Kabibonokka and he did not go.

Kabibonokka was very angry when he saw that Shingebis was not afraid of him. He went to his wigwam at night and shouted down the smoke-flue. But Shingebis had a good fire and he did not fear the cruel North-Wind.

Then Kabibonokka went in at the door and made the wigwam cold. Still Shingebis did not fear. He threw branches on his fire and laughed. The fire leaped up and drove Kabibonokka out of the wigwam.

Then Kabibonokka asked Shingebis to come out and wrestle with him. Shingebis went out and they wrestled all night long. Shingebis beat Kabibonokka and drove him back to the land of frost and snow.

This is the Indian story of the north-wind and the sun. The Indians called the sun Shingebis, the diver.

MONDAMIN.

Once, in the Moon of Leaves, Hiawatha fasted in the forest. He built him a wigwam there, and fasted for the good of all the Indians. He wished to help them.

Hiawatha fasted and walked in the forest. He saw the birds and beasts and all things that the Great Spirit had made for food. But there was very little food for the Indians in the long, cold winter.

One day, Hiawatha lay in his wigwam on a bed of branches. As the sun went down,

he saw a youth coming to the wigwam. This youth was very beautiful. His cloak was a beautiful green and his tresses were soft and yellow. His name was Mondamin.

"Rise up from your bed of branches and wrestle with me," cried Mondamin. "I am the friend of the Indians and I come from the Great Spirit to help you."

So Hiawatha sprang up from his bed of branches and wrestled with Mondamin. They wrestled till dark and then Mondamin went away. "I will come again to wrestle with you," he said to Hiawatha.

Mondamin came every day at sunset and wrestled with Hiawatha. One day he said, "When we wrestle again, you will kill me. Then you must make me a bed in the earth where the sun will shine upon me. Lay me in the earth and make it soft and light above me. Then you must watch beside me till I come again."

It was as Mondamin said. They wrestled again and, all at once, Hiawatha stood alone. Mondamin lay dead before him in his green

and yellow cloak. So Hiawatha did all that Mondamin had told him to do.

By and by, a green plume rose from the earth where Mondamin lay. Day by day, it rose higher and higher and threw out long leaves of green that rustled in the wind. It was Mondamin, the Indian corn. It had come to be the food of the Indians.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Hiawatha loved all the Indians, but he had two friends who were very dear to him. The name of one was Kwasind and the other was called Chibiabos.

Kwasind was very strong. He fasted in the forest many days and the Great Spirit made him strong. One day Kwasind's father asked him to go hunting. They started to go through the forest, but the pathway was crowded with great trees that lay across it. "We must go back," said his father. But Kwasind lifted the great trees from the

pathway and threw them far away into the forest. He was very strong.

Chibiabos was young and gentle. He was a great singer. When he sang in the village, all the warriors and the women came to hear him. When he sang in the forest, all the beasts crowded round him and listened. The birds asked him to teach them the secret of his music. He sang of love and sorrow, and all things listened.

Kwasind and Chibiabos loved Hiawatha and wished to work with him for the good of all the Indians. Kwasind cleared the rivers of rocks and trees and made them run straight. Chibiabos made flutes from hollow reeds and taught the children how to make music with them.

When the work of the day was over, the three friends sat by the fire and talked together with naked hearts. The pathway between them ran straight.

Hiawatha loved Kwasind because he was strong, but he loved Chibiabos because he was gentle and beautiful.

HIAWATHA'S CANOE.

When Kwasind had cleared the river of rocks and trees, Hiawatha built a canoe. "I will make me a light canoe," he said, "that shall float upon the water like the yellow water-lily."

So Hiawatha walked into the forest and found a birch-tree. "Give me your bark, O Birch-Tree!" said he, "that I may make me a canoe. Summer is coming and you do not need your bark." The birch-tree gave him all its yellow bark.

Then Hiawatha went to the cedar. "Give me your strong boughs, O Cedar!" said he, "so I can make a strong and light canoe." The cedar gave him its strong boughs. He bent the strong boughs like two bows and fastened them together.

Then Hiawatha went to the larch-tree. "Give me your roots, O Larch-Tree!" said he. "that I may fasten my canoe together and make it very strong." The larch-tree gave him all its roots. Then he bent the

bark of the birch-tree over the boughs of cedar and fastened them together with the tough roots of the larch-tree.

Then Hiawatha said, "I must have resin to close the seams of the canoe and keep out the water." He went to the fir-tree and cried, "O Fir-Tree! give me resin to close the seams of my canoe and keep the water out." The fir-tree gave him resin, and with it he fastened all the seams of the canoe.

Then Hiawatha found a hedgehog asleep in a hollow tree. "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!" said he, "that I may make my canoe beautiful." The hedgehog gave him all its shining quills. Hiawatha colored them red and blue and yellow and made two stars and a girdle for the canoe.

So the canoe was built. All the magic of the forest was in it. It was light as the bark of the birch-tree, strong as the boughs of the cedar and tough as the roots of the larch-tree. And it floated on the water like a yellow water-lily.

THE HUNTING OF THE DEER.*

"Will you make a bow and arrows for me, Iagoo?"

"I have made a bow of ash and arrows of the oak-tree for you, my little Hiawatha. Here they are. Now you can go into the forest and hunt."

"I shall go into the forest where all the birds and beasts, my chickens and my brothers are, but I shall not hunt them. I shall hunt the red deer."

"We are the robins. Our little friend is coming. He has his bow and arrows with him. Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

"Here comes the little Hiawatha. See his arrows! O Hiawatha, do not shoot us! We are your chickens, the bluebirds."

"What are you hunting, little brother? I do not fear you. I am Adjidaumo, the squirrel. Shoot me not, O Hiawatha!"

"I am Wabasso, the timid white rabbit.

* For dramatization. Assign the characters to the children and let them act the story as they tell it.

Do not shoot me, Hiawatha! I am Wabasso, your little friend and brother."

"My chickens and my brothers call me, but I do not heed them. All my thoughts are with the red deer. I will wait here in the bushes till the roebuck comes down to the river. . . . Ah! I see two antlers lifted from the thicket! Now the roebuck comes down the pathway to the ford! How my heart beats as I aim my arrow! Ah! the fatal arrow has stung him! . . . The famous roebuck is dead. I have killed the deer with antlers. I will bear him homeward."

"Hiawatha has killed a deer, Iagoo."

"I killed it by the ford, Iagoo."

"Ugh! so you found the famous roebuck? You are a great hunter, my son."

"We will make a banquet in his honor, Iagoo. Call the warriors and the women."

"Ugh! we will have a great feast. All the village will come and do him honor."

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

The HIAWATHA PRIMER is designed to be the child's first book in reading, and will be found entirely practical for such use. Its contents have been thoroughly tested in actual class-room work, and it has been carefully graded to minimize the difficulties of the first steps in reading.

The child's interest in his reading being vital to his progress, all drill exercises, lists of words and other extraneous matter have been excluded from the reading text. Such phonic, word and sentence drills as the judgment of the teacher prescribes may properly be presented on the blackboard where they will not distract the eye and attention of the child when he is attempting to read. This method of presenting drill work also allows full flexibility of adjustment to the individuality of the teacher and the needs of particular children.

The sentence method has been selected as the most desirable for the initial exercises in the recognition and discrimination of printed forms. These initial sentences will at first be recognized and discriminated by the child as wholes only, and the considerable number of separate words which they contain will diminish rather than increase the difficulty of discriminating between them. In succeeding exercises, the clauses and phrase forms of which these sentences are composed are presented in varying relations, and, finally, the separate words through repetition in differing context will be readily recognized.

The mental content of word forms is largely dependent on their context, and the child will master new word forms much more easily if they are presented to him in their natural thought-relations. All detached lists of unrelated words have therefore been excluded from the reading pages, the new words being presented only in a definite context. If the blackboard is used for drill in sight recognition and pronunciation of new words, this drill should follow and not precede their first presentation in the reading text.

Preparation for the reading should include oral language work based on conversation about the subject of the reading exercises. The story of the section of the book under consideration should also be told in condensed

form by the teacher and reproduced in substance by the children. This language story should employ all words used in the reading section that are not already in the child's oral vocabulary (if there are any such), and the meaning of these words should be made clear by explanation and illustration, if necessary.

The reading of the first lessons in the book may well be supplemented, or even preceded, by presentation of the same sentences, in varying order, on the blackboard. This blackboard work will economize time by enabling the teacher to hold the attention of the class as a whole; it will also give variety to the necessary repetition. The first step in reading consists in discriminating between two printed, or written, forms whose oral equivalents have been given by the teacher, and care should be had that the child does not recognize these symbols by their position on the blackboard rather than by their form.

Script has been freely employed in the beginning exercises to give variety to the necessary review work and to facilitate the use of the blackboard in connection with the book. The later script exercises are designed to furnish continued drill for script reading, and the detached script words, phrases, and sentences may be employed as copies for the child's writing exercises.

The illustrations throughout the book may be used as the basis for the child's work in drawing. The idea embodied in these should be reproduced in substance on blackboard and paper by the child, but he should not be allowed to attempt copying them in detail with the book in hand. The silhouette illustrations may be used as models for paper cutting and brush drawing.

To secure flexibility of expression, emphasis and inflection, the dramatic, or dialogue, form has been used for many of the reading exercises, and sentences of varying length and structure have been freely employed throughout the book.

The vocabulary on the following pages has been arranged for the convenience of the teacher. It contains a complete list of the words employed in the reading text. Words inflected by adding s only are given but the one form in the vocabulary.

Before taking up the Appendix the class should read the excerpts from Longfellow's Hiawatha on pages 14, 28, 40, 52, 64, 74, 80, 88, 96, 102, 108, 114, 120, 126 as one continued poem, and should memorize them.

VOCABULARY OF THE HIAWATHA PRIMER.

NOTE. — All pages and lessons that do not contain new words are omitted from this list.

The Diacritical Marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

Page 1
Hiawatha
(hē-ȧ-wä′-thȧ)
was
an
Indian
boy
Nokomis
(Nō-kō′-mĭs)
his
grandmother

Page 2
lived
with
in
a
wigwam

Page 3
the
stood
by
water
it
Big-Sea-Water

Page 4
and

Page 5
shore
of
Gitche Gumee
(Gĭt′-chē Gū′-mee)
before
beat
bright
upon

Page 7
dark
behind
rose
forest
sunny
clear
shining

Page 8 (A)
little

Page 9
pine-trees
firs
gloomy
were
black

Page 10
had
cones
them

Page 15
old
wrinkled
she
nursed
cradle
rocked
him
there

Page 16
made
linden
tree

Page 17
bedded
soft
moss
rushes

Page 18
safely
bound
sinews
reindeer

Page 19
fretful
stilled
wail
saying
hush

Page 20
he
bear
will
hear
thee
naked

Page 21
singing
said
called
lulled
into
slumber

Page 24
owlet
my
ewa-yea
(ē-wa̤-yeā′)

Page 25 (A)
great
eyes
who
lights

Page 25 (B)
that

this
is
Page 30
stars
taught
many
things
showed
heaven
shine
Page 31
Ishkoodah
(Ĭsh-koo-dah′)
comet
tresses
fiery
saw
Page 33
winter
nights
frosty
northern
are
they
see
Page 34
far
away
to
northward
flaring
Page 35
warriors
their
plumes
war-clubs
Death-dance
spirits
Page 37 (A)
broad
road
white
running
straight
across
Page 37 (B)
pathway
ghosts
shadows
crowded
or
Page 41
sat
music
Page 42 (A)
at
door
her
Page 42 (B)
heard
whispering
minne-wawa
(mĭn-nē-wạ′-wạ)
sounds
Page 42 (C)
lapping
mudway-aushka
(mŭd-wāy-ạush′-kả)
words
wonder
Page 43
on
summer
evenings
starlight
Page 44
loved
what
I
Page 45
fire-fly
Wah-wah-taysee
(Wạh-wạh-tāy′-see)
dusk
flitting
through
brakes
bushes
Page 46 (A)
twinkle
its
candle
lighting
up
Page 46 (B)
sang
song
children
white-fire
creature
Page 48
bed
lay
me
your
ere
sleep
close (v.)
eyelids
Page 49
insect
dancing
Page 54 (A)
moon
rise
from
moonlight
path
rippling
Page 54 (B)
round
whispered
very
good
answered
question
Page 55
beautiful
rounding

ripples
Page 56
once
twinkling
rising
Page 57
has
flecks
how
Page 58
told
body
woman
asked
story
about
Page 59
angry
seized
threw
sky
midnight
right
against
you
Page 60 (A)
stories
Page 66
rainbow
eastern
sun
western
not
seen
Page 67 (A)
been
raining
all
colors
one
foot
Page 67 (B)
flowers
when
fade
earth
do
perish
blossom
Page 68
rain
Page 69
day
wild-flowers
but
Page 70 (A)
bow
above
us
Page 71
lilies
prairie
can
love
dear
Page 75
owl
hooting
asleep
cried
terror
laughing
Page 76
THE OWL AND OWLET
live
have
talking
each
other
native
language
scolding
Page 77
laughed
afraid
Page 81
THE BIRDS
walked
birds
flying
as
flew
fly
Page 82
HIAWATHA AND THE BIRDS
watched
learned
then
talked
secrets
nests
where
built
Page 83
THE NESTS
names
every
whenever
met
twigs
hid
Page 84
THE BIRD SONGS
came
Page 85
THE MORNING
morning
awoke
Page 86
HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS
chickens
themselves
knew
Page 89
THE BEAVER
beaver

lodges
river
dam
work

Page 90

THE SQUIRREL

squirrel
down
Adjidaumo
(Ăd-jĭ-dạu′-mō)
leaves

Page 91

ADJIDAUMO AND THE ACORNS

did
hollow
acorns
why
so

Page 92

THE RABBIT

rabbit
timid

Page 93

THE REINDEER

swiftly
antlers

Page 94

HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

beasts
friends
brothers
went
we
glad

Page 97

IAGOO

Iagoo
(ē-ä′-goo)
marvellous
traveller
story-teller
talker
boaster

Page 98

THE MAKING OF THE BOW

hunter
make
for
branch
ash
together
cord
deer-skin
gave
fastened

Page 99

THE MAKING OF THE ARROWS

must
arrows
found
oak-tree
oak-bough
be
winged
feathers
tipped
flint
quiver

Page 100

IAGOO, NOKOMIS AND HIAWATHA

go
kill
famous
roebuck
deer
making

Page 101

WHAT IAGOO SAID TO HIAWATHA

son
red
herd

Page 103

IN THE FOREST

forth
alone
proudly
straightway
among
branches

Page 104

WHAT THE BIRDS SANG

over
shoot
bluebird
am
Owaissa
(Ō-wāis′-sȧ)
robin
bough
Opechee
(Ō-pē′-chee)

Page 105

WHAT THE SQUIRREL SAID

sprang
close (adv.)
beside
out
chattered
coughed
between

Page 106

WHAT THE RABBIT SAID

leaped
aside
distance
erect
haunches
half
fear
frolic

Page 109
HIAWATHA'S HUNTING
heeded
nor
thoughts
tracks
leading
downward
Page 110
ford
alder-bushes
hidden
waited
till
coming
trembled
wind
birch-leaf
palpitated
heart
within
Page 112 (A)
two
lifted
thicket
look
nostrils
point
windward
still
ah
flecked
leafy
Page 112 (B)
fluttered
like
Page 115
THE SHOOTING OF THE DEER
knee
uprising
aimed
no
moved
motion
scarce
stirred
rustled
Page 116
wary
started
if
listened
uplifted
find
stamped
hoofs
looked
Page 117
fatal
buzzed
stung
wasp
longer
Page 118
dead
killed
Page 121
THE HOME-COMING AND THE FEAST
throbbed
exulted
bore
homeward
Page 122
ugh
come
our
Page 123
hailed
applauses
praised
cloak
hide
flesh
banquet
feast
honor
village
women
guests
Page 124
feasted
Strong-Heart
Soan-ge-taha
(sōn-ḡē-tȧ′-hȧ)
Loon-Heart
Mahn-go-taysee
(Mahn - ḡō - tāy′ see)

VOCABULARY OF THE APPENDIX.

Page 127
MUDJEKEEWIS
Mudjekeewis
(Mŭd-jē-kee-′wĭs)
mountains
magic
girdle
wampum
softly
drew
ears
war-cry
struck
coward
shall
ruler
Kabeyun
(Kā′-bē-yŭn)

West-Wind

Page 128

WABUN

three

Wabun

(Wạ′-bŭn)

young

East-Wind

lonely

sad

maiden

standing

blue

walk

help

Page 129

SHAWONDASEE

Shawondasee

(Shạw-ŏn-dā′-see)

fat

lazy

gentle

South-Wind

blew

sorrow

green

sunshine

snow

dandelion

Page 131

KABIBONOKKA

Kabibonokka

(Kȧ-bĭb-ō-nōk′-kȧ)

cold

cruel

North-Wind

loud

frost

Shingebis

(Shĭn′-ḡē-bĭs)

diver

smoke-flue

fire

drove

wrestle

wrestled

long

back

Page 132

MONDAMIN

fasted

wished

food

youth

yellow

Mondamin

(Mŏn-dä′-mĭn)

against

sunset

watch

higher

corn

Page 134

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Kwasind

(Kwä′-sĭnd)

Chibiabos

(Ꞓhĭb-ī-ä′-bōs)

strong

father

singer

teach

cleared

rocks

run

flutes

reeds

because

Page 136

HIAWATHA'S CANOE

canoe

float

water-lily

birch-tree

give

bark

O

need

cedar

bent

larch-tree

roots

fasten

tough

resin

seams

keep

hedgehog

quills

colored

floated

Page 138

THE HUNTING

here

now

Wabasso

(Wạ-băs′-sō)

call

heed

wait

CRAIGIE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE,
November 12, 1897.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Dear Sirs: The pronunciation used by my father was "He-awa-tha," the accent on the first syllable being slighter than on the "wa," the "a" sounded like "a" in "mar," not "war," as sometimes used.

I should be glad to have this impressed on the public.

Yours sincerely, ALICE M. LONGFELLOW.